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The cover of this issue of Interim is by the Seattle artist
MAUD ELMER

Editors

A. WILBER STEVENS ELIZABETH DEWEY STEVENS

Editor's Note

Bland and thick-headed syllogisms to the contrary, regions wishing to develop their literature should not rely on sheer opportunism. True art does not evolve from grabbing at every straw, which happens to be within view. Without the process of selection the literature of any region is apt, is almost bound, to present a very shabby picture.

The Pacific Northwest is a good test case. Here, with the exception of such isolated figures as Binns, McKay, and above all, Fisher, the majority of the writing reaching fellow countrymen to the east and the south is composed of volumes of egotistical succotash, which might well fill the bookshelves, if there were any, of the various panting branches of the Chambers of Commerce.

The result is obvious. A love for the immediate replaces a love for the permanent. Poetry and prose emanates, for the most part, from misguided, falsely encouraged coteries.

Thus, if the leaders of any region's culture are to be sincere in their desire to add to that culture, they must be sincere with themselves. They must develop definite and honest opinions concerning those who claim to add valid additions to the region's, to the country's art. What is more important they must let those opinions be known publicly. If this is done, the region can offer a helpful stamping ground for the young artist. If this is not done, the region will be known as a "born in" rather than a "went to."

Let us look to the artist, not to his imitator.

—A. W. S.

HUGH McGOVERN — The Banana

Wilbur House at the age of fourteen was a plump little man. His soft round cheeks were well-touched with a golden fuzz, and within a year he would be shaving. His flat hair hung down over his forehead. He wore thick glasses, but even though they magnified them a great deal, his eyes appeared to be tiny, dull marbles. His nose was short and thin, his mouth a small line. His cheeks were the most of his face.

Peter loved Wilbur. In his visions he fashioned great scenes of sacrifice wherein he would pay his life for Wilbur's:

They have been caught in a pass. One of their horses is dead. The villains approach fast. Each insists the other take the remaining horse and escape.

I don't want to do this, pard, says Peter, swinging his right. Wilbur falls. Peter ties him to the saddle-horn and stirrup. He whacks the horses's rump.

Take him home, Pal, he tells the horse; and tell him sometimes—think of me.

He brushes a tear from his eye, loads his hands with pistols and grimly, but with a laugh, faces the mouth of the pass. Then he says:

All right, rats. Come and get it.

There was more self-glorification in these thoughts than love for Wilbur, but that took nothing from their nobility. And as he himself had so few noble qualities, this devotion was an importantly good thing in him.

For Peter was stubborn and proud and spoiled. His mother and stepfather had many hot and awful quarrels. They knew that Peter suffered from these, and in the intervals when they got along they gave him everything he wanted. Naturally he walked all over them.

But Wilbur was someone he had to respect, and with Peter anyone he respected he loved. Wilbur was completely independent of him. Wilbur had the one thing Peter wanted. That thing was a *Home*.

As their friendship went on, he contrived to spend many week-ends at Wilbur's.

Wilbur's house was built against the outside and the inside was sure and warm and living. Peter felt it had no walls, that its guarantee of peace and security extended out endlessly.

It was a place wholly whatever the ritual was. If the ritual was dining, it was a place of pleasant expectancy, of the good bite of smell that travelled up the eager nostril. It was of sounds teasingly revealing from the kitchen: of water running and pots being filled, matches lit, gas popping, cupboards opened and shut, sharp knives going through the cold and juicy pulp of fresh vegetables. It was of sight: of stiff white linens, polished silver laid for easy action, of white cold milk and brown hot coffee, of the patterned green of vegetables, of the magenta roasts of beef or veal with the dark brown figurations on top. Of tastes: all delicious.

It annoyed Peter some that he seemed never to eat quite as much as he wanted. Wilbur's mother kept stacking the food on her son's dish. And Wilbur kept on eating. She would offer another helping to Peter, but he would half-heartedly demur.

You should take something to stimulate your appetite, boy, she'd say. That's why you're so skinny. Look at Wilbur. Eat?—why he's going to be a *giant!*

She'd stack some more on Wilbur's plate. Wilbur, reading a comic book, would go on digging.

But what was that? This was a home. For awhile he was part of it.

After supper it was the place of the joyously quiet recreation before bed. The radio played good music. In one easy chair Mrs. House sat and sewed or made lace. Mr. House sat in another with a pipe and the daily papers. Wilbur and Peter had the floor to themselves. They played games, built card-house labyrinths, designed airplanes, told each other incredible myths of adventures they'd had.

Then it was the place of the bath and the preparation for bed. Two of the living room lamps were extinguished. Wilbur's bedroom light snapped on. His mother opened drawers, brought out pajamas, towels, laid them on the bed.

Here's a towel for you, she said to Peter.

He wanted to kiss her hand. He had forgotten to bring one. Now he had his very own towel in this home. As though he too was a part of the function and substance of this home. As though he was, you might say, Wilbur's brother.

The bathroom was steamy and bright, of measurement and construction made for the sound of happy slap and splosh of water. Watching Wilbur in the tub sailing his little handmade ships, he filled with affection and tender envy.

Gee, I wish I was like him, he thought. He's so nice and fat and happy. And I'm so skinny and nothing.

Then, from the hot languor of the bath into the cool acceptance of fresh sheets. The size and being of him accepted, allowed-for and soothed by the soft mattress, the bed. The lights went off. The mother kissed Wilbur.

Good night, Peter, she said.

Good night, Miss' House, he said.

The door closed. The place now for sweet sleep. A little bit of light coming in through the white curtains. He wanted to say something close to Wilbur.

Wilbur, he said.

But Wilbur was already sleeping.

Why Peter felt this deep and yearning tie to these people, this frame of organized enactment of the needs and ritual of living, this home, he could not at the time say. But he was one who could claim and possess a feeling. Later he was to be able to tell it. But now all he could do was snatch and hold, and explain to himself in the wordless understrata of emotion and intuition.

He loved his mother and stepfather. They were good people and they loved him. But their love was like themselves: eruptive, lavish, spasmodic. Some strain of him was wiser than they were, demanded constancy and balance. It had never been given to him, and, in the language of feeling, he knew that it never would be.

Only fourteen. But in that level where God had placed all the wisdom he was ever to possess, he knew that one day his parents would have a fight supreme—and he would find himself out in the cold. He had known that since he had been seven. With his blood.

At the end of his fifteenth birthday he *was* out in the cold.

For a boy of Peter's type—mystic, too damnably sensitive—there are too many things to think and feel when a thing like that happens. Nothing comes out of the blur except pain and the dull edges of moving figures that push him on until he will either burst and die of his hurt or find some kind of clarity upon which he can sit and regather his strength.

When his parents had parted he had left, not wanting to be caught in the middle. They were too throbbing to be overly concerned with him; they had their anguish. Each thought Peter was with the other. They loved him all right. Say that. Only say there are degrees of love, and there are winds and chemicals that blow and work—and degrees fall.

For three or four months Peter slept and ate here and there. He found in himself a fairly good knack to get what he needed so that he didn't very often go hungry. First he became a shill for street-pitchmen, then sold things himself: song-sheets, barking-doggies, glass necklaces.

Rarely a night of those months passed that his eyes slept dry. In a rented room, a parked car, someone's porch, a lawn—there would fall out of his eyes, from the pushing up of the hated well of his hurt, a squeezing of tears.

He would think of Wilbur's home, of his own parents being Mr. and Mrs. House. And of him being Wilbur. Those wonderful, sane, certain, people. The good, inexpressable solidity of their home. He would almost sign a pact with Satan to be Wilbur. Calm and plump, playing with sailboats in the bathtub, reading comic books while his mother stuffed him, getting kissed good-night and snoring off to sleep. . . . .

The wind would start coming then. Peter's hands went to his belly for warmth.

One day he met Wilbur and Mrs. House downtown. In front of a department store. They had just bought an awning for the front porch and were putting it into their car.

Hello Pete, said Wilbur. No see some time. Where been?

Knocking around. Hello Miss' House.

Hello Peter, said Mrs. House. How is your mother?

Oh they've separated. Didn't Miss' Williams tell you?

Mrs. Williams did say something, she said, but I didn't believe it. What are *you* doing?

I am working a little, Miss' House, thank you.

Then you really aren't staying home?

I have no home, Miss' House.

Gee, said Wilbur. Where do you sleep?

Oh I sleep all right. I work some, you know. Most of the time I sleep pretty good.

That is awful, Peter, said Mrs. House. I *do* hope they get together. At least for your sake. It is nice to see you. You must visit Wilbur soon.

Yeah, said Wilbur. Come on out once in awhile, ole pard.

Well thanks, said Peter. I can come now. If I'm not in the way.

We were going—began Mrs. House.

Come on, said Wilbur. You might as well come now.

The house hadn't changed. It said hello to him, and he went loose and easy in it again. He moved around, sat down, stood up. Yes, this was still in the world.

You can stay for supper, said Mrs. House.

If there was permission rather than invitation in her tone, he missed it.

He wanted to play games with Wilbur, but Wilbur only wanted to ask questions. What was it like to sleep in rooming-houses? Did the cops bother him? Did anyone ever try to rob him?

He wanted to see Mrs. House sew or to hear her in the kitchen. But she also had questions. Why had his parents separated? What had they quarreled about? Were they going to be divorced? What sort of a life was he leading now?

They were the only friends he had, so he told them. He told them the horrible narrowness, the pale terror and the alley-odor of it. He saw that he had satisfied them. Even Wilbur was intent. Mrs. House put her arm around Wilbur.

How *awful* a thing to happen to a child, she said.

Wilbur seemed awed. Peter sensed a drawing-away in both of them. He had told them too much. After all, these were clean and solid people. Certain things to them were like thrown mud on snow. He should have been more tactful, he told himself.

You must be very cautious, said Mrs. House. Keep yourself safe. We can only pray that events bring you back to solid foundation.

Yeah, watch yourself, said Wilbur. He spoke as though Peter were now someone he didn't know how to address.

I must prepare supper, said Mrs. House. Wilbur, you have homework after supper, you know. Peter can stay overnight with you some other time. During vacation perhaps.

Then we can really get together, eh Pete? said Wilbur.

Mrs. House went to the magic of her kitchen. Wilbur pulled up his legs on the sofa, deep in a comic book. Peter sat and breathed the house. It was good, but, curiously, he detected a sickening. Maybe there was a growing stench inside him.

Can I go in your room and see if it's the same? he asked Wilbur.

Sure, said Wilbur, without looking up.

It was the same. Sun all around, soft bed, clean spread. Boysmell and mothersmell. Woodwork shined. Books, tennis-rackets, typewriter, small radio, bed-lamp. Half-open window. Swaying curtains.

Maybe Mrs. House and Wilbur would talk to Mr. House. After all—

He began to walk toward the door. He could just see Mrs. House giving her son a banana. Sensing Peter coming in, Wilbur hid the banana behind him. Peter stepped back quickly behind the open door. Through the crack of the jamb, he saw Wilbur gobble down the banana and put the peeling in his pocket.

Peter climbed out the bedroom window. Walking down the street the tears were dripping off his chin. He was talking out loud.

For Jesus Christ, he was saying. Aw, they didn't have to do that. Aw, for Jesus Christ Sake.

SCOTT GREER—From a Vienna Wood

"God is dead. God is dead.
He died of pity."
—NIETZSCHE

And then you showed me some things,
a figure of an ivory doe at stance;
her small throat was taut, beautifully done—
her throat was music, and her hooves were a dance.
Jan it was a lovely, yes, a lovely thing.
And the dance—how you loved that;
the slow and limpid waltzes
flowing like sweet syrup—Strauss
built you a castle of sugar candy, Jan.
Sugar candy . . . . but Christ it was sweet.
And blue forests, you could see them,
waving, blue forests—
Forests in Berchtesgaden,
Black shadows growing, under the scrawny trees.
and a white house cubical, sterile, on a hill . . . .
They say a giant lives in Berchtesgaden. They say
he will come and destroy the world now, any day—
But blue mists
hover over the hills of Berchtesgaden,
And the doe
is crouched almost. Well, you can see terror in her eyes—
Terror is in the eyes of all lovely things. . . . . Where
is the road of the world
that hovers, seductively in the mist,
smiles from the fuzzy tops of shrouded trees
in the forests of Arkansas—Where—
and woodsmoke,
best of all woodsmoke smelled like—
You said it smelled of a husky brown life, Jan;
I don't know; to me it felt like a life for man
not the same as slaughter, not the same as death,
as white death wrapped in cellophane—

And they say—
Say he has Jewish cocottes to smooth
those beetling lines of his brow. . . . . And yet,
he is pitiful. . . . . Triumph.
Triumph of the eternally doomed mediocre,
triumph—of the twisted and cheated
crooked and beaten brother of man. He has a place now.
How would it be to you, always to know
the power of a gauntleted red-faced fool,
a leather-coated fool, while you
drew pictures . . . . all you had in pictures. Painted—
painted houses!

Jan—the doe—
She is—she is drifting faster and faster—
(We are drifting faster and faster)
toward the magnet of pain—
That doe . . . . ivory, those smooth lines
will lie in a little bloody heap. I tell you
it is written!

And even the woods in Arkansas
say life is a good thing for man. They say
pine needles, smelling a heady tingling wine;
they say wet blackberries, they say the sun shall shine
and woodsmoke be blue on the sky—There is a line
dark green, like velvet
draped behind the soft grey house—Mountains,
Ozarks—Listen, Ozarks—God, what lines
soaring into the banked snow, the white light . . . .
Mountains, and the grandeur of those straight dark pines
flowing quietly upwards—

Jan, I am tired.
Tired of this day, tired of this thing
we are all playing in. What circus,
which ring, and what part?
What part, Jan?

And they made him Premier.
Premier, with a uniform. Christ, it was a joke—
Surely . . . . a joke it was, to see this—this—
Housepainter!
Well, some day it will not be surprising,
not startling that a son of man who sees
manhood reserved for a biological birthright
should covet the earth—Would smash the world to see
himself, a man. . . . .

See, here are these flanks—
Delicate . . . . velvet . . . . Did you ever see one just shot dead?
Still almost breathing, the blood a crimson pool
on the dead brown leaves, and the head
twisted pitifully . . . . the flanks
still heaving, sobbing—velvet flanks,
baby's cheeks . . . . and the hooves like cut-glass,
the tendons taut wire—Did you ever see
one just shot down? These flanks, see—
white, and soft and smooth—
And now
home, my boy, I am tired.
. . . . the only place to go in the end.
If you want to live it is right to give
this and that—but never—
never let them forget, some things they cannot question.
Some things are mine. In some things I am God. Very God himself.
And I will not see these boys—My brother's son,
blonde, strong, and beautiful—They say he is going;
they know he will go. He will go—
In Thailand or Ceylon they will bury him;
But I—I will not
shoot these boys down!
And when he saw
what kind of God-hood had fallen on him—what do you think?
Did he take lessons from the English in honor, in chivalry?
Queensbury didn't speak on martial law
or international ethics. So we get
no classic lie, above the sudden death—
He struck quick, brutal, without mercy.
. . . . the thing is,
the poor devil doesn't know. I'm sure
even he knows that he doesn't know now.
Alone with his Herrenvolk, trapped
like rats in the sewage and flames of Berlin—
Not a maniac, not a brute, not a fiend—
Not—the pity is, he is only a man.
The doe, Jan. . . . . I think she is lovely,
but Jan . . . . she too . . . . and all lovely things . . . .

SCOTT GREER—Desert Song

A blue world opens wide arms at the pass,
Paso del Norte, a door to the north,
a sky-flooded door, where away to the north
. . . . and forever the blue and green forests are dark
with coolness, green waters, and shade;
there to the north . . . . here the mud hills
rattling with life—a hot sun kills . . . .
shadows . . . .
Drumbeats.

Brown shirts held tight on a million young breasts,
their hearts were choked in the black that pressed—
Death-heads . . . .

And black
over a countryside where once the cattle
were soft tan figures on a lush green field—
Black with a wall of blinding flame,
and bomb-flowers growing by the garden stream . . . .
And they didn't, couldn't—
The coyotes know, and the animals know,
fangs sharp . . . . and the killer shark,
and men know—
Hills to the left and the cactus fringe
on the door of the dull grey mountains,
stone pillars full in the face of the sky—
A door to the north, a pass to the lands
where forests are fruited, life full with hunting,
and cold clean rivers run brimming by
rich copses . . . .
But men know, the men in the west,
the brown men, grim with bronze, colored masks,
warpaint, drumbeats, horses through the hills . . . .
The men in the west, they knew.
The fools—to believe for a moment,
when they knew as the coyote, the timber-wolf knows,
knew as the great hulking slow buffalo—
In the hills of Arizona
they caught Geronimo,
and a doorway of guns, a yoke for his head . . . .

The wrinkled old neck, the keen fighting eyes
bent in defeat, bent to whisky-peddlers.
In the hills of Arizona, they caught Geronimo,
and his old hawk eyes were bent to the ground . . . .
In the mirrored halls,
the idiot halls, the spectrum of the Sun King,
they bent the proud high head.
They had fought a long time, fought the great fight,
fought the long day—held half a world at bay—
The mirrors threw back the bitter vacant eyes . . . .
And not all wanted to kill.
There were pueblos and warm-lighted villages;
the blankets still flame with their colors . . . .
A clean colored life in the weave . . . . in the weave . . . .
and still, sometimes, on the ground,
scorched, scattered around
old campfires, even yet—
a copper amulet . . . . a scarred amulet . . . .
Not for the limp white form, dead meat—
But the coyotes know, and the buffalo—
And they were so many—the sky was full of them.
Like rain—like the lines of the sky in the heat—
In the halls of old Versailles,
they bent the proud high neck;
the hard cheeks flushed, the golden braid tarnished,
and a fighter's hand, lean, to sign
the clean blank check for the Hell—they will find
another Versailles, presently . . . .
Where—Where now—
The black heads high in the agate light,
the clear hawk eyes, the hard clean faces—
Guns through the hills, guns have cracked the sky—
Guns, and it spills to brown clots on the hills,
and a stiff silhouette, against a setting sky—
In the silver halls,
the mirrored halls of Versailles,
in the old dusty attic of an old empire . . . .
In a hall hung proud with mirrors,
they bent the bitter knee—
And once more—but to know—but to see—
In the hills of Arizona
they caught . . . . Geronimo . . . .

JOSEPH B. HARRISON–
Literature and the Current Crisis

It is one of those fables which out of an unknown antiquity convey an unlooked-for wisdom, that the gods, in the beginning, divided Man into men, that he might be more helpful to himself; just as the hand was divided into fingers, the better to answer its end.

The old fable covers a doctrine ever new and sublime; that there is One Man—present to all particular men only partially or through one faculty; and that you must take the whole society to find the whole man. . . . The fable implies that the individual, to possess himself, must sometime return from his labor to embrace all the other laborers. But, unfortunately, this original unit, this fountain of power, has been so distributed to multitudes, has been so minutely subdivided and peddled out, that it is spilled into drops, and cannot be gathered. The state of society is one in which the members have suffered amputation from the trunk, and strut about so many walking monsters—a good finger, a neck, a stomach, an elbow, but never a man.

—Emerson, "The American Scholar."

In examining the image of himself which is reflected from that mirror the world which his own mind has made, the man of our time is as much astonished by his aesthetic as by his social or scientific or philosophical lineaments. The mirror, like himself, has become plastic: sometimes it is concave, sometimes convex; sometimes it is tiny, sometimes immense. Sometimes he sees all of himself, very small; sometimes he sees a fraction of himself, very large. Always there is distortion, for man doesn't know himself so well as he has on certain past occasions. In the Twelfth Century, according to Henry Adams, Christian man thought of himself as a comparatively simple and well-defined entity, and of his world as a universe; but between that time and ours man himself became an accidental collocation of atoms, and his universe has become a multiverse. The measure of this inescapable degradation is the substitution of the symbol of the Dynamo for that of the Virgin; and Adams suspects an ultimate conclusion of mundane affairs in which human energies will be finally dissipated, like the physical energies which will at long last come to rest as thermal units in a static diffusion at a temperature of —272°C.

However this may be, the human mind is at present, in its literary as in its other moods of expression, in a state of confusion at too much. Henry Adams found himself flat on his back with "his historical neck broken" in the Gallery of the Machines at the Paris Exposition in 1900. Bade to wait, in the field of physics, for the clarification of "a larger synthesis," he announced that physics had already gone "stark mad in metaphysics" by that route. Literature too has in our days often seemed to approach stark-madness, sometimes persaps from the infection of metaphysics but also from that of many other viruses; but chiefly the trouble in literature has been the same as that in physics—the failure of the synthesis that will bring literature and physics together with each other and with further attempts at achieving a synoptic view of the world.

Two of the most characteristic and influential literary voices of recent times have been those of James Joyce and Marcel Proust. In the work of each of these writers we find evidences of that breakdown of a universe into a multiverse which Henry Adams proclaimed. Each of them looks skeptically upon most of the formulations which the mind of man has hitherto imposed upon the mystery of the world. Each of them has explored the accumulation of his experience without traditional guidances but rather along the route of chains of associations which grow link by link but lead to no stable attachments. From Proust or Joyce a reader can learn a good deal more about what he is than about what he ought to be. If we retort that there is no such "ought" then we admit that Adams was right in announcing the disappearance of our universe. We may thereafter praise the art of Joyce or Proust as an effective expression of the lostness of mankind, but whether the art can compensate us for the lostness remains the larger and more important question.

This, I think, is approximately the query made by Robert Cantwell when he writes of Joyce:

> ". . . . the revulsion that sickened him was no mood that would go away. It was not the routine despair of an artist temporarily baffled by a problem he could not solve. . . . No, it was a rejection of the sources of his inspiration. He could not trust his imagination. He brought to the world, distilled in his memory, the richness of its past; and all the wealth of his creative equipment only made him more conscious of the drab brutality around him and weakened him for his war with it. And the world in turn blotted out or ruined what he remembered. Poetry for him was something that had been known in some other time. Charged with its images, his mind reeled from the impacts of trucks in the streets, newspaper headlines, the screams of madwomen, the drool of public speech, from the very life of his body that warred forever with the life of his mind—and when he went down it was as if the culture he had lived on went down with him; and when he summoned up, for strength enough to keep going, the great lines from Shakespeare or Nashe or Ben Jonson, it was as if the culture he had lived on was crying out in its death agony faint and broken fragments from the poetry of its remembered youth."—("Brightness Falls From the Air," *The New Republic,* August 5, 1936, pp. 375-77.)

"The protagonist of Joyce's *Ulysses,*" declares another critic, Paul Rosenfeld, "is neither one of its characters nor any creature of the flesh. The hero of the Odyssey may have been an individual. But the being whose wanderings are set forth in the modern tragi-comic parallel is no other than 'the mind in the making,' perceived through types of the floating dislocated intellect of our times."—(Paul Rosenfeld, *Men Seen,* "James Joyce," 1925, pp. 23-5.)

"The mind in the making" reminds us of James Harvey Robinson's book which uses the phrase as its title and which gives a peculiar statement of modern science's view of the human mind, a mind both complex in its processes and as disorderly as an old attic in its inheritances from the past. By the processes of reverie, rationalization, practical decision, and creative think-

ing (between which it by no means clearly distinguishes) the mind deals with remainders from its animal and its savage states, as well as with floating discordant records from every phase of its civilized culture and with the myriad embattled impressions and exigencies of the present. The psychologist and his collaborators have, of course, here made a tremendous and useful contribution to our knowledge of ourselves; and it was inevitable that literature should possess itself of and exploit this knowledge. But the objective of an increase in knowledge is an increase in power and control; and whatever may be the case with the psychologist, the creative writer in this situation is likely to register the shock to the historical attitudes of his kind more quickly than to emerge with new controls. He may achieve, as Joyce undoubtedly does, a form adequate for the expression of the shock; and it may be a form which within itself has not only novelty but also beauty and power. But its power and beauty will be, like those of Adams' dynamo, uncorrelated with the rest of life, the instrument of only one of many parallel lines of force that do not converge into a universe. Joyce's *Ulysses* is not a book to which anyone will turn for a corrective to confusion and despair. One may, it is true, turn to it for enfranchisement; it warns us away from many naive acceptances of superstition and dogma; but the freedom is so great at last that the only remaining value is the value of aesthetic form, an ivory tower to which the desperate retreat from time to time but which not even they inhabit long. The legions of despair have been unusually large in our time, and for a while they were content to luxuriate in their special sentiment. But despair, like Jupiter, is likely to be dethroned by its own offspring, and wars and depressions level ivory towers as surely as they do the bastions of Europe and Wall Street. Joyce's *Ulysses,* like Dante's *Divine Comedy,* is still a significant work of art, but neither it nor the medieval City of God is any longer adequate for our need.

As Joyce's method has been called the "stream of consciousness," with its scanning of the fluctuating tides of the mind and of all the flotsam and jetsam that float upon them, so Marcel Proust's method may well be described as the "atomization of consciousness," with its ruthless dismemberment of each present psychological or social moment into myriad minutiae from the past which fill the present and make it what it is. By the associations which constitute memory one achieves a mind and a personality through a continuous "*recherche du temps perdu,*" a recovery of times past which alone enables us to identify the present or ourselves in the present. The human self as described by this method becomes nothing more than a "*superposition de nos etats successifs,*" an accumulation of successive personal moments. Proust gives us less an integration than an atomization of personality. It is true that Proust works his formula both ways: we, and our culture, are both "taken down" and put together away. We are even allowed a glimpse of immortality: "The resurrection of the soul after death could perhaps be conceived as a phenomenon of memory," says Proust. But the joker lies in the fact that neither the mortal nor the immortal state remains very desirable after it has been ground so exceeding small.

"It required Proust," writes Erwin Edman, "to indicate those haunting streams of reminiscence which qualify every conscious moment, and make the present of each individual, the sharp, sensuous edge of actuality so shaded, so phosphorescent with the past history of the individual whose present it is." So much of what we are in any present moment is our chiefly unconscious memories of what we have been and done in the past that, like a Dante guided by Virgil through the ramifications of Hell and Purgatory, we need, in our explorations of personality and culture, a Proust to show us how to detach our memories from unconsciousness and bring them into view. The procedure is one that requires infinite subtlety and patience, both in the artist and in the reader. For only a patient reader will be able to follow, say, "Swann in Love" for 250 pages when Swann taken to pieces and Odette taken to pieces are so much the reverse of a romantic spectacle: to get the ordinary romantic and dramatic thrill out of Swann and Odette in love one would have to believe in them and in love itself in a quite un-Proustian way.

And this brings us to the second of Proust's two operations, his dismemberment of human values. In traditional fiction when a man is in love he is in love—and that's that. Love is a simple reality, something that everybody knows about; name it and you've got it. It's a recognized human value. But Swann's love is different. Swann's love is an elaborate illusion. Odette was never anything like what he conceived her to be. His first attraction to her was quite accidental, because he received an impression of her simultaneously with a strain of music that has fascinated him. That's enough to start him off. Though Swann is an intellectual and Odette is a sentimental little fool, Swann puts this private knowledge of her off in one corner of his mind and lets the illusion feed upon itself until it expands into an ironic version of the grand passion—of the grand passion which, by the way, is never to be realized in itself but only in such ironic versions.

And so it is with all other values—with friendship, nobility, even intelligence—taken to pieces they make but a poor show. And in taking these to pieces, too, one needs the Proustian time-trick: each of these illusions resists discovery because a large part of what it is is buried deep in forgetfulness. It is only when we mine the past that we reveal the crazy structure of our beliefs and our convictions.

Thus in Proust as in Joyce we pass from the universe into a multiverse. "The state of society is one in which the members have suffered amputation from the trunk, and strut about so many walking monsters—a good finger, a neck, a stomach, an elbow, but never a man." For though in Proust and in Joyce we become wonderfully well acquainted with the neck and stomach and elbow we can never quite believe again that they are the parts of a man. And

though we know all about the ingredients of love and honor, not all the king's horses nor all the king's men can quite put them together again. The art is revealing, but while it reveals it destroys. It has told us something that we need to know, but only half of the dynamic which the illusion used to possess. We can only get back the dynamic by returning to the total life which we deserted when we followed this art to the ivory tower—the ivory tower in which aesthetic form is the only remaining positive value. Prousteans and Joyceans are not the first to have urged that art is enough—to have urged indeed that art *must* be enough because art alone, being the product of the imagination, can free us from the instability and recurrent chaos which afflict other modes of the mind; but a merely aesthetic order has never attracted the mass of hungry, breeding, fighting, working, dying, sensual men.

The interval between the two world wars, in which Joyce and Proust will perhaps prove to have been the dominating literary figures, was crowded with other writers who were bent upon dismembering mankind, and the story is not yet told. Europe was full of them. But English-readers can afford to leave the sur-realists and Dadaists, and ever Gertrude Stein, on the Parisian side of the Channel, for they have examples enough in England and America. We need think of only a few: D. H. Lawrence, Aldous Huxley, Virginia Woolf, T. S. Eliot, Sherwood Anderson, Ernest Hemingway, Robinson Jeffers; D. H. Lawrence, so impatient with the intellect that he all but eliminates reason lest it interfere with the impulses of the blood; Aldous Huxley warning us at last that the good is to be found only "On the level below the human and on the level above. . . . For, in so far as we're human, we're obsessed with time, we're passionately concerned with our personalities and with those magnified projections of our personalities which we call our policies, our ideals, our religions;" Virginia Woolf, perpetually fleeing into the exquisite from the shock of a brutal world that rained down upon her in bombs at last and caused her to take her own life; T. S. Eliot, depicting the modern world as a waste land inhabited by hollow men who are really unsalvageable because they are incapable of receiving the "tradition" that he finally proffers them, so that "This is the way the world ends, not with a bang but a whimper;" Sherwood Anderson, so disaffected with the technological age that he lapses into a "carnal mysticism" that reproves but refuses to grapple with the existing world; Ernest Hemingway, the acknowledged voice of "the lost generation," so disillusioned by the crash of values following World War I that "Abstract words such as glory, honor, courage, or hallow were obscene beside the concrete names of villages, numbers of roads, the names of rivers, the numbers of regiments and the dates;" Robinson Jeffers, grown so passionately misanthropic that what was for Whitman the "robust soul" of the individual and the race becomes a self-obsession so ignoble that it is best symbolized by incest.

There are, of course, other strains in our recent literature, but this sampling is perhaps sufficient to indicate that a dominant trend was away from the whole man to a half or a quarter of a fragment of a man, or a void in the space where a man might have been. Man has carried his self-distrust so far that he dismembers himself and either throws away the offensive parts or, as in Proust and Joyce, coopers together in aesthetic hoops fractionated elements that have lost most or all of their ethical and social bonds.

That this particular story is not yet entirely told is evident from certain literary phenomena of the moment. The present trend of a considerable group of young American writers can perhaps be suggested by a brief comment on a novel by one of them, Robert Paul Smith's *The Journey* (New York, 1943). *The Journey* (it's a journey away from it all—that is, away from the war and from affairs and from ideas and from ethics—but a journey to Mexico and art, and sex and physical exercise) is to me something like indescent exposure. I refer not to the sex (other writers have gone further with that) but rather to the personal as merely personal; and to the personal as discrete experience which fails to define personality. I drink, I make love, I like art, I see Mexico—but who am I? There is no answer. My intensity or my desperateness, your beauty or wonderfulness (Mr. Smith's heroine is "wonderful") are *in abstracto*. Why am I desperate, how are you wonderful? The reader's question merely betrays him an outsider, one who isn't in the know, one who hasn't gone Mexican, or kept up on the New Yorker, or something. All that is to be taken for granted or at most indicated in shorthand. We all know that all of us are desperate or wonderful, for reasons. What crude or naive creature is this who asks about reasons—the moral, the social, even the psychological reasons? We give you psychology, yes; but psychological phenomena, not psychological reasons! Psychological reasons, in 1943, when everybody knows Freud by heart, are really quaint, almost Henry Jamesean! In fact, aren't all "motivations" a bit childish, in 1943? Except, of course, that we are desperate, or wonderful, or desperate and wonderful. We are like this, and the world is like that, and that's enough.

> "The hell with necessity, the hell with morals, the hell with ethics," declares Mr. Smith's heroine. "Picking out the right from the wrong—that's the same as it ever was. I never did know how to handle that, how to talk it or write it or paint it, and I never saw anyone who knew more about it than anyone else. . . . I tell you, if people would just forget that damn nonsense (about wars being good or bad), they'd never have to say it. Things are just as bad as they seem. Just as good as they seem, too. People live through wars, sure. They always have. . . . You pull through it somehow, you push and shove and heave along a reasonably exact facsimile of yourself, and if you get that through intact, you forget

that it was only reasonably intact. You believe it's the real thing. . . . All right, it's the close of an era. It's a funeral. It's, *at optimum*, the funeral of a bad era. But it's my era, and it's me dying, and I'm sad at funerals." —(The Journey, p. 56.)

Small wonder, then, that we find Mr. Smith's heroine quoting a poem from Stephen Crane:

In the desert
I saw a creature, naked, bestial,
Who, squatting upon the ground,
Held his heart in his hands,
And ate of it.
I said, "Is it good, friend?"
"It is bitter—bitter," he answered,
"But I like it
Because it is bitter,
And because it is my heart."

It is not necessary to deprecate, because they express the dislocated consciousness of their time, such artists as the foregoing. Some of them, like Joyce and Proust, are very great artists who may in time prove to be the aesthetic summation of their era as Dante or Shakespeare was of his. It is necessary to recognize only that in expressing the consciousness of a period approaching crisis they are themselves a manifestation of crisis.

CAROLYN KIZER—To a Chinese Comrade

You are jade in the heart,
my brother.

O flute in the night of my mind.

There was a period of search and cry.
I walked the earth alone and unattended.
Then, at my side, the answer, the consoler,
serenity, your cool and tolerant eye.
Together we shall make the desolate journey,
apace, and tranquilly.

You are jade in the heart,
my brother.

O flute in the night of my mind.

HALDEEN BRADDY—Past Midnight

I.

The be all and end all here
The account rubbed out
The sum minus the figures
The wrong calculation
The death and end of atmosphere
All cancelled
All communications cut off
Black-out
Nothing so quiet, so final as the grave.

II.

He did it before and he'll do it again
The naked one
The girl with her throat slit
The moment consumed
Time in and out
The deed done
The shame behind the barn
Misdirected, misunderstood, misbegotten.
Awaiting the cool blind pink worms
He does it before and after.

III.

Death was from . . .
Lost at sea—S O S
The soldier with the perforated stomach
The plummeting plane
Everybody screaming—A fox-hole
The missing arm—The missing link
Everything used up—Burnt out—Thirty
"Unable to deliver"—Finis
Bedamned beloved
The end all and be all here.

Two poems by KENNETH GORDON

Swamp Arabesque

I;
Stark pulse-beat of the dismal swamp,
through Fox Fires sulphureous fantasy,
flux, and flow.

My Vampire—toxic kiss of death,
on frond and flower with fetid breath,
I blow.

In Moon-shot phosphorescent madness:
my body in reptilian rapture writhes,
as round my cloying loins . . . .
dead waters glide.

Beneath; in motion soundless I submerge
to bathe the cold red fires from my eyes,
while moss-entwined; green tresses I unfurl
slide lizzardly, through sinuous
amber slime.

Here: in my Black Chapel of the Bayous
dark recesses
I move exultant.

Little Green Bug

Glass prison . . . . to
The little Green Bug,
It moved . . . . majestically
Impervious and as
Lovely and lone, as a
Stone,
Cast high on
The back shore of
The sea.

I turned the bottle again and
Once more,
The little Green Bug moved with
The grace of queens,
Sublime in its dignity.
Buried in its green back, a
Luminous chalice
Bedded, hard, cold and noble,
Like an all seeing eye. . . . .
I pondered.

Crusted curtains
Crumpled back on rings
Rasping and rusted.
I saw,
The crystallized essence
Of antiquity
Ride down through
The crucible of Time
On the back of a
Little Green Bug.

TWO POEMS BY

They Have Changed the Words

Now they have changed the words
To mean what they've never meant,
And names are shuffled cards.
For reason of this I can't
Know what I'm going towards.

They've changed the meaning, the core,
Too many to learn each one.
Once I had names for the shore
And the girls that ran in the sun . . .
But that was all before.

Now words must be felt like a stone
Before I can let them drop.
And sometimes, when I've begun,
The words come harder, or stop,
Or I find that the center is gone.

VIRGINIA ESTERLY DUNBAR—

The Hill

The slow rivers of the afternoon have come
To the tawny hills above Jerusalem.
And winds that all day moved in the people's gowns
And rocked the hollow grasses to clack like stones
Have retreated to the quiet walls of towns.

Only the light leafed olive groves
Move on the leopard back of the hill,
Only the sunlight slowly moves,
The rest is still.

And those nailed to the sky's rim
Are the thieves out of Jerusalem,
And the other, thistle-crowned, who bears
His glory like a bell.

* * *

Night shores
Around the edges of the world,
And gathers in the field;
Obscures the scaffoldings above.

Night swells the eternal darkness of that grove
Unpeopled and uncharted where
Once a bell swung deathlessly in air.

ALBERTA QUINN—Spring Was the Chinook

Shawn drew his knees up under the heavy patchwork quilts; inched over to the warm body that was his older brother John's, and listened a moment to the other boy's even breathing.

With all the strength of his five years he sent his own breath in great gusty spirals toward the attic roof through which he could see the first streaks of light. Usually he would shiver a little in anticipation of the moment when he would leap from the bed, paw furiously at his clothes to get them on. Usually too he would pull the covers up to his chin in order to get as warm as possible before the final moment arrived.

This morning however Shawn lay smiling a little shyly, a little secretively. During the last few minutes he had been listening to the creaking of the timbers throughout the house. Twice he had stuck a bony finger inquisitively from under the covers and each time had felt the warm chinook wind that had forced its way urgently through the cracks of the attic room.

It was the last of February; "Time for a break in the weather," his mother had said the night before, and now as he stuck one foot tentatively from under the bed-clothes he thought of other things his mother had said.

"There'll be signs of spring one of these days," Ida Herrin had said.

Shawn had asked her every day thereafter if spring had come yet.

"You can always tell it days off when it's on its way," his mother had told him, "There'll be a chinook to take off the snow. There'll be green shoots even before the snow goes as though they just couldn't wait to come properly. There'll be Barney's new colt and later on, chickens. You'll know spring all right when it comes."

Now Shawn laughed suddenly and pulled the covers high over his head to keep John from hearing him.

"Silly," John would say, if he would awaken him. "Next year when you've got real chores to do and go to school, you'll think of something else besides your silly secrets with the wind."

Sometimes if John were really awake he would call after Shawn as he left the room, "The kids at school will call you a sissy, sure as shootin'. Have to go to grandma's for hot bread every morning. Can't eat light-bread like us men do."

Any reminder of John's eight years usually stirred Shawn to envy, but now he lay experiencing the suddenly warmer air of the room and thinking of the trip to his grandmother's which he had made each morning since his mother had married Pat Herrin and they had crossed to live on the Herrin place.

His stepfather liked cold light-bread for breakfast. He and John were men, Pat Herrin would say, grinning at Shawn when Ira Herrin would put on

his plate the big saucer-sized biscuit he had brought from his grandmother's. It was a huge light-bread roll Sareh Braden made her grandson. She would set her bread in the evening, getting up at midnight to keep up the fires, see what the weather was like and to punch down the bread and pinch off the rolls to be baked in the morning.

"Old people get up more nights," Ida Herrin had said.

Occasionally Pat would reach over into Shawn's plate and pinch a bite from the butter covered bread. Shawn would watch gravely while Pat ate the bread and made grotesque faces to make John laugh. Once, though, when Pat was not there John had eaten a part of the hot roll with him.

Sometimes Ida Herrin would say, "Leave him alone you two. He'll grow up soon enough, besides it makes me rest easier when he goes. I know that Ma's all right then and I'm never sure otherwise—her running a farm at her age and with a heart like that——"

Shawn knew about his grandmother's heart. Once when she had held him very close he had heard it ticking like the watch that Pat carried on Sundays.

A sudden thud made the boy jump suddenly in the bed. The ice had broken from the edge of the roof. He saw it pass the attic window in a great cloud of snow. He wondered if the big icicle that hung from the front porch would be gone.

He gave a little leap from the bed and began dressing, shivering a little in spite of the warmer air in the room.

He opened the door and went down the stairs carefully. He wondered as he always did why the stairs creaked each morning and didn't during the day. Pat said it was because Shawn was so fat.

At the door on the landing he listened a moment to his mother's slight stirring and the great snoring sounds that came from his stepfather.

In the kitchen he stopped to get the heavy coat which last winter had belonged to John. Shawn turned each sleeve back several inches in order to free his hands.

Sometimes his mother would be up before him and his stepfather already making a great racket with the milk pails. Then Shawn would grab his clothes and make a dash for the kitchen in which the big stove would be roaring with the coals making a great glow in the hearth beneath.

He would strip off his night clothes and stand naked before the fire until his thin body would glow with heat and be as red as the hair of his head. sometimes his mother would snatch him and hug him to her fiercely until Shawn was breathless from the strength of Ida Herrin's arms. He would laugh and squirm loose and she would say, "Aren't you ever going to fill out, Shawn? You're such a skinny one."

On the mornings when through the big kitchen window he could see a dim light at the barn he would know that Pat was up ahead of him and milking. Pat would call to him as he passed on his way to the road.

"Hey Red," Grandma sent word that she wasn't making biscuit any more. Guess you'll have to eat light-bread with John and me."

Shawn would grin and run on his way. He was establishing a shy friendship with his stepfather.

But there was no fire in the kitchen this morning and no gleam of lantern at the barn. Only the warm chinook called him and as he stepped outside its strength seemed to carry him with it.

It was lighter now and Shawn could see that already the warm wind had broken the white crust of snow leaving it water-soaked and grey.

"Chinook—Chinook—" He made a song of the words as he jumped and ran. The sleeves of his coat came down and he flapped them and crowed like the roosters at the barn. His feet made small puddles of water and he looked back at a trail of these from the house to where he stopped hesitantly at the barn.

Spring maybe wouldn't come all at once, Shawn thought. Maybe the chinook and the colt couldn't come on the same day. He looked toward the barn lot.

In the grey light he could make out the shape of the shedded part of the corral. He went over to the fence. It was Barney and beside her—Shawn held his breath. Beside the mare was something small and limp. While he looked the object moved and rose strugglingly to its feet and stood on weak spindling legs. Shawn let his breath out suddenly in a great trail of smoke. Barney had dropped her colt in the night.

He went a little closer to the fence. Barney nickered and the colt gave a little whinnying cry and rubbed against its mother. Barney stood quite still, only moving her head over the small thing's body.

Shawn gave a little leap and ran toward the road with the knowledge of the little colt warm within him. If his grandmother were awake he would tell her about the new colt.

Sareh Braden's house stood at the end of the big road, but all along one side of the highway lay her fields of winter wheat.

He had crossed these fields when the snow was hard but now he went along the road, taking the longer way, thinking of the new little colt. John would think he was the first to know. Shawn ran a little way, lifting his feet from the snow that was becoming mushy and grey.

In the field next to the road the snow had melted enough for him to see the green spears of wheat hugging the earth as though they were still afraid of the cold—afraid to stand alone like the little colt had been afraid to stand alone. Shawn wondered how the snow would keep the wheat warm like his mother had said.

Last summer he had looked at this field while the harvester was cutting it. The day before he had stood there where the harvester was and let the wheat cover him. He had asked his mother why the wheat had to be cut.

His mother had been kneading dough for her bread. Her arms had gleamed as they had worked the soft dough. "You couldn't get that biscuit every morning if they didn't cut it, Shawn. You can think of the queerest questions."

Now, he glanced again at the spears of green showing where the ground was barren of snow. He drew a long breath. Spring had come. He began running again.

There was a thin curl of smoke coming from the chimney. The wind seemed to grab it and carry it away, Shawn thought. The big kitchen would be warm. Sven, the hired man, was at the barn. He could see the pale oval of light from the lantern as the man went from stall to stall feeding the stock. Shawn thought again of the colt and hugged the secret of it to him.

He entered the kitchen and stood there a moment letting its warm familiarity surround him. Then he turned slowly to the stove on the other side of the room. There on the hearth was his biscuit, a great puff of gleaming dough. There was a paper sack beside it and Shawn slid the small pan with the biscuit in it into the sack. He turned toward the door, then turned back to another door on the other side of the kitchen. He listened a moment for the deep breathing sound Sareh Braden made as she slept. His mother had said, "If you can't hear her breathe, Shawn, make sure she's all right before you start back."

He stood this morning as usual outside the door, stepping closer when he could hear nothing but the chinook that was making the house creak. His hand reached for the knob. He gave it a little push.

He had been in the room many times. Some mornings Sareh Braden would call him, and he would go in and stand a little away from the big bed with its great mountain of feather-bed in which his grandmother sank so deeply she could scarcely be seen over the great puff on either side of her. The peak of her white night-cap would move a little impatiently and she would say, "Come here child," and he would go nearer the side of the bed and peer into the bright eyes that would twinkle suddenly up at him.

He would never believe her to be the same person who walked haughtily down the church aisle on Sunday morning sweeping the full breadth of the aisle with her silk brocaded skirts.

This morning he waited inside the door for his customary summons. He watched for the twitching of the little peak of cap he could barely see. Uncertainly he tiptoed toward the bed, stretching himself up as he did when he measured himself with John. The lace peak of her cap was quite still and her eyes did not open and twinkle up at him. Shawn said, "Grandma." He thought his voice sounded very loud in the still room. He moved the covers a little, reached over and placed a finger on her face.

He wondered why her face felt like the white rabbit's he and John had found dead on the roadside the day before. But—his eyes grew wider—but yesterday was winter, Shawn thought—this——.

He ran across the fields getting home. His mother was getting up breakfast and said without looking at him. "Put your bread in the oven, Shawn. You're late. Did Grandma—." She was facing him now. "What is it Shawn?"

He stammed trying to say it all at once. "Grandma—I couldn't wake her up—I couldn't hear her breathe and her face was like the white rabbit's—."

"Like the white—." Ida Herrin made a little gesture with her hand. "Shawn, did you call Sven?"

"He was down at the barn and I wanted to come home."

She went to the door. "John," she called, "get Pat and then come back here and eat your breakfast." Automatically she took the sack from Shawn's hand.

"Put your biscuit in the oven, Shawn. Take it out when it gets brown." She was reaching for her coat. John came in with Pat whose eyes were big and questioning. "John, don't you go to school until we get back."

After they had gone Shawn put the biscuit in the oven and John poured them hot milk and dished up some cereal.

"Was Grandma awful still?" John asked.

"Her face was kind of stiff," said Shawn. "Does it—does it mean she's dead?" He didn't know people could die in the spring. Spring was the chinook and Barney's colt and—and green shoots—like his mother had said.

"I guess so," John said.

They said nothing for awhile. Shawn took the bread from the oven when it was deep brown and opened it carefully, looking solemly into the whiteness inside. He gave John part of it and they spread it deep with butter and put pale golden honey on it.

"Listen, Shawn, there's a new colt."

"I know it," said Shawn.

He wondered if John had known about spring—had known that it wasn't just the chinook and the cold and—. Maybe that was what made Pat and John call themselves men—. Maybe they had known all the time. Maybe—, his eyes became suddenly large, questioning, maybe that was why his mother was always saying, "hush, you two, he's just a baby." Shawn took a huge bite of the bread.

Pat came in while they were finishing their breakfast.

"Your Grandma's gone." His voice wasn't loud like it always was. "You boys put on your Sunday clothes and go stay with your mother while I go to town."

"Shawn can't have his biscuit any more, can he?" said John.

Pat let his hand rest lightly on the red shock of hair that was Shawn's.

"We'll see mother about that. Maybe she'll bake him some."

Shawn was looking at Pat. Now that he knew about spring—knew that it could be anything—really knew like Pat and John, he wasn't a baby any longer like his mother said.

Shawn wished spring would go on being the chinook and——. He drew a long breath—only it was—it was the other thing too.

He moved suddenly a little nearer to Pat.

"I guess I'll eat the same as you and John," he said.

JESS H. CLOUD—No Answer

Walk around with a piece of the dead.
There was no answer to it. No answer.

If there is wind and no rain,
The broken slant of a rocking dance
Grained with love, arms through walls
To ecstacy and ghost of child within my brain,
Why must the cells most recent dead
Recall the zero lights on battlefields
Or note the faces torn by dream, the pine-sharp eyes
Like spires spinning in unviolet night,
Cathedral, mute, yet molten-lost;
For this is the second of no rain when I sing
The hesitating anguish of my flesh.

Burn the particles, the rotten wood of past,
Laughter scrambled with the fictions
Told beneath a serious moon
And drowned by newsprint's bitter chords;
Then wind the wind into a music
Tumbling private hours (the unreal grass)
With quick-cast sounds that sputter
Through the pastoral of time's regrets,
The white explosions cutting others' flesh
Like spokes of drifting wheels uphurled
Past conscience and the dark retreat of youth.

Walk around
(the highly-combed coiffures wiggle
with the incandescent boogie . . .)
Though the dead can never puff the sea,
The spring that flecks the cuffs (too starched)—
These lonely hands belong to me

I shall not talk:
The words are almost fools that amble and chatter
While gunsight crumbles pillbox in my sleep:
Sleep alone and never vacant!
Who shall praise my peace
Or suck the rawhide sights from ruin?
The trolleys scream (and whine a little)
In such metal whispers of our delicacy
That make debris of flagellated fires,
And equal to, O equal yes,
(The rough equation sewn into the brain);
Yet I cannot shut the shutter,
Say goodbye to Tilly, walk along the wharves
But see the grey paint and the dirty-brown,
The swing-bright bridges floating on the bay.
So sing I with time
And cut the fog with such precision
That the squares of mind will jump
And jive through all the centuries of death.
. . . . with a piece of the dead and no answer
for unlike the ridges echoing earth,
the grass is wet with glossy cries,
(a rushing brood that hammers sight)—
though night and I can never make reply!

Even there with traces of the trees,
Their leaves and roots as dead in summer
As the clerkly mind: I wander late
Past genuflections and unhurried grins of lightning,

The lyric moment of escape undone
By grace-notes of that trumpet-swing
That dodders like a monkey to the mental net:
(What tilting dreams in Mr. Haydn's notes
Still rest beneath the quivering bark!)
There are no stanzas left in forests
Except for those so whitely blind
That mocking birds are birds
And owl-blink noises never wake with fear,
Though mountain outposts drop the symbols
Of the innocent from their disguise,
And I elude, escape the driftless dead
With veins of guns asleep within my eyes.
"We always wanted to return
though here and there the billboard dung;
we struck a match but never knew
the flame-hysteria of the young!"

Neither steel-drift bay nor nature
Nor the silent room within my head
Unwraps cocoon of fancies lightly sung;
I walk around *past bulbs and tight-skirts on the street,*
Ambitious gymnasts and equal liars
(The double chins swimming in unglee),
Past witless shops and slick-laid rooms
Where trading hides behind the lipsticked glass,
The dollars entered softly into ledgers:
Walk and retch the heart (for summer
Is illusion-time, a fable boxed in peace)
And I will hug the marble,
Rip the stone,
Ungrip the wood,
Minutely tear the structures
Under microscope of eyes to come upon
The truth refuting wish reflecting time
And always find . . . .
no answer, no answer, no answer!

MELVIN GALLEMORE—*an excerpt from* Sun in His Eyes

In order that one who does not see make the most of his abilities and be of greatest use to society, it is necessary for him to understand, and be understood by, the public among whom he wants to lead as well-balanced an existence as he can. That is my two-fold reason for attempting a novel on the subject of blindness. Writing of experiences and problems so close to me has, I feel, helped me see what people should expect of me and what I must expect of them.

Too often the greatest barrier for a person physically handicapped is the tendency of strangers, acquaintances, and even friends and intimates to pity him audibly, overassist him, "make allowances for him," and set him apart as requiring special consideration. This makes it difficult for him to give and take to the fullest.

In his reactions to things and in his thought-processes, Ernie Millbank is like any "normal" child his age. The difference is in the limitations within which he must receive his impressions. Whether this difference is important or insignificant will depend on the treatment he gets from members of his family, from his playmates (which of course involves the enlightenment of their parents), and people generally.

This is the theme of *Sun In His Eyes,* of which excerpts from the opening chapters are presented here.

CHAPTER ONE

Ernie felt a hand pat his shoulder.

"You asleep, Snoocums?" said the voice of Lester, the delivery boy. "I'll be right back."

The truck door went "Clummb!" and was shut.

Ernie stretched and yawned. Something made him cross. It was the sun in his eyes. He turned around to where Lester had just been sitting.

The Ford motor was going, "Tettatum, tettatum, tettatum," and sometimes it almost stopped.

Ernie sat still and it seemed like a long time to him.

Lester did not come. Why weren't they going? Ernie wanted to ride some more. He didn't want to stay not moving.

He called, "Lester Lester."

But Lester did not come. Ernie was almost ready to cry.

Then he got twisty and crawled all over the seat.

"Tettatum, tettatum, tettatum," the Ford motor was going.

Ernie's hand touched here and there, liking metal and tin and wood and leather. His fingers played along the steering-wheel and underneath it.

All at once there was a jerk, and the car started to move.

"We're going now," was in Ernie's mind. He sat back in the seat.

"Danzizzy, danzizzy, danzizzy," went the car.

But something struck Ernie. Something should have been there first, the sound of the truck door opening and closing. He reached to where Lester was

supposed to be. Only the seat leather touched his hand.

He heard a woman's voice scream, "Stop that car, stop that car!"

He sat where he was. It was going by itself. He didn't know it could do that. He was scared.

Then arms lifted him out, and at the same time the motor went, "Ah, ss, ss, ss!" and stopped. The arms set him on the board sidewalk.

"You oughta known better than to leave the motor running and him in the car there by himself," a manvoice was saying.

"I didn't think he'd touch anything," Lester said.

"Wait till Mr. Millbank hears. If you'd spend more time delivering groceries and do less gabbing—"

"I was only inside a minute. I never dreamed he'd touch anything."

"Naturally. Any kid will."

"But Ernie's blind."

"All the more reason. He can't see what he's doing."

Ernie stood shaking all over. Then he got dizzy and everything seemed to go away.

"He's fainting," said the womanvoice that had screamed. . . .

The next thing he knew, he was in Mama's arms crying. She rocked him and patted him. "Did the car run away with him?"

"It went by itself," he said.

"Well, we'll have Daddy take and spank that car good and proper, that's what we'll do."

"It was naughty," he said.

CHAPTER TWO

He would be asleep in his cradle and then suddenly hands out of nowhere would pick him up. He would know they weren't Mama's hands or Daddy's, and he would scream.

One night he was staying with Uncle Fritz and Aunt Ruth who lived down the block. They had him in bed with them, and when he twisted and squirmed and wouldn't go to sleep, Uncle Fritz said, "Shsh, listen."

There was a breathing noise like their big dog Rover made, only much bigger.

"What's that?"

"That's the choo-choo train."

"What's choo-choo train?"

"That's something that comes and takes people away," Aunt Ruth said.

"Yes," said Uncle Fritz, and he was getting cross. "It takes away little two-year-old boys that don't behave themselves and go to sleep."

"Would it come and take me?"

"If you don't settle down and go to sleep it might."

There was another sound bigger yet, and Ernie jumped.

"There, you see?" said Uncle Fritz. "That's the train whistle."

"Why does it do like that?"

"It knows there's a naughty boy in here, and it says, 'I'm coming and get that Ernie if he don't behave himself and go to sleep.'"

"Don't let it come and get me."

"I don't hardly know how we could stop it," said Aunt Ruth. "Not if you don't lay still and go to sleep."

"I'll lay still."

"No, you said that before. Hear there? Hear that whistle again?"

"It's nearer."

"Sure, it's right outside, isn't it, Ruth?"

"Sounds like it to me."

"Don't let it come."

"I don't know. I think maybe we better."

"I wanta go home."

"Will you be good and go to sleep?"

"I don't want to go to sleep, I wanta go home."

The whistle blew again, very close this time.

"Oh Fritz, now look what you've started," said Aunt Ruth above Ernie's scream.

"Well, he wouldn't go to sleep. Ruth, Ruth." He repeated her name twice, and Ernie stopped to listen. "Ruth, go tell the train not to come this time. Ernie says he'll be good."

"I wanta go home."

"Shsh!" Uncle Fritz bounced Ernie up and down on his stomach.

But Ernie just cried and cried. He wanted to go home where the choo-choo train and the whistle couldn't get him.

"Ernie, want to hear 'Rank-Binga-Binga-Bang?' Ruth, get up and put 'Rank-Binga-Binga-Bang' on the Victrola."

Ernie cried just that much louder, but Aunt Ruth got up. There was a special growling noise they called winding it up. He head a "plomp" and a "click" and then a noise like Mama made when she told him something he picked up was dirty, only this noise kept on going. Then there was somebody singing.

"The men," Ernie said.

"Yes, the men," said Uncle Fritz.

"All the darkies am a-weeping," one of them sang, and the other three went, "Rank-binga-binga-bang, rank-binga-binga-bang!"

"Binga-binga-bang," Ernie murmured.

"Rank-binga-binga-bang, rank-binga-binga-bang," Uncle Fritz sang with them.

Ernie listened and forgot to cry. Now and then a sob still shook him. The soft music made him sleepy.

He was playing again and Uncle Fritz was telling him to go to sleep. "Hear that?" It was the choo-choo train. "The whistle's coming to get you, hear it?" The next minute a big flat tin thing picked him up. It was the whistle and choo-choo train. "Be-have-him-self, be-have-him-self," the choo-choo train breathed. They put him down on something soft like the bed.

He woke up and could not move. Then he found his voice and began to cry.

"What's the matter, Ernie?" asked Aunt Ruth.

"My god!" said Uncle Fritz.

"The choo-choo train came."

"It wouldn't hurt you, not if you're a good boy."

"It came and got me. I want to go home."

"My god!" said Uncle Fritz.

"You see, Fritz? I knew that was how it would be."

"Oh, shut up and quit your nagging. Ernie, want to hear 'Rank-Binga-Binga-Bang?' Ruth, go put on 'Rank-Binga-Binga-Bang' for Ernie." He jiggled Ernie up and down on his stomach.

"If you hadn't drunk so much, I'd tell you to get up yourself."

Aunt Ruth crawled out of bed, and Uncle Fritz reached over and gave her a spank.

"Fritz!" she said. "Can't you behave yourself?"

Ernie forgot about the dream. "You spanked Aunt Ruth."

"Sure. She's my tootsy-wootsy. Does your daddy ever spank your mama?"

"Fritz!"

"No. He spanks me sometimes."

"He does, does he?"

Ernie dozed off then and did not know if they played "Rank-Binga-Binga-Bang" or not.

But he kept on being afraid of choo-choo trains and whistles.

LeGARDE S. DOUGHTY—Words to a Woman

One tufted pathway led through leaves
Of treatises and verses;
Another, under secret eaves,
To graces without mercies.

And so it was two ways led out;
But only one led in,

Cringing toward the point of origin.

I gave half of me to a rack
Of books; half to a harlot.
And half returned a smudge of black,
And half a smear of scarlet.

But this myself is all myself,
Grovelling to you,

Telling the period with a little mew.

More tranquil even than water in
The cool well of a cavern,
As if my odyssey had been
An hour in a tavern,

You smile into a brunt that strikes
Your cheek to white exchange . . . .

All things are strange, impenetrably strange.

Three Pieces by JERRY GREENFIELD

I.

"Sock him, Chief," the night supervisor, a J.G. nurse said. "Go ahead, Chief, sock him one." She smiled.

The chief took the patient by the arm. "C'mon, let's go to your room and stay there," he said. "You're waking up all the other patients. You don't want to wake up all the patients, do you?" he asked.

"I'm sick," the patient said. His pajamas hung loosely about his thin body. His hair was black and high upon his head. He stood unsteadily as he spoke. "Jeeze, I'm really sick—I'm sick to my stomach."

"Well go to bed then," the ward nurse said. "When I go out and get drunk and sick I know it's my own fault. I don't go around trying to get sympathy. I don't even feel sorry for you. Now aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"I'm sick," the patient said. "Ooooo, I'm sick," he repeated with sincere concern.

"Go ahead and sock him, Chief," the J.G. nurse said. "Sock him one in the jaw." She knew she was cute.

The chief led the patient away by the arm. He had just been admitted. The ward nurse was very nice and led him to his room. and hung his clothes up after he'd changed, and arranged his blankets and then put out the lights saying she was sure he'd feel better. But in a couple minutes he came out of his room and began walking down the corridor.

"Say—where do you think you're going?" she had asked

"I don't know," the patient had said.

"Well you better get back to bed, mister. You'll wake up the other patients."

"I'm sick—could you give me some of that denatured alcohol—that'll settle my stomach."

"I should say not! Now get back to bed." She took him by the arm and he came docilely.

But then he got out again. He was out the third time when the night-supervisor came through with the chief.

"You should have socked him one," she said when the chief returned. And they went off to complete the rounds.

The ward nurse picked up the phone and called a friend of hers excitedly. "Hello, pigeon," she said. "You should have seen what we got on our ward: A warrant officer just off a drunk—and he just won't stay in his bed. He's just like a little child, you know, and every time he gets out I lead him back like a little boy." She hunched over with laughter. "He has such a sad look every time he comes out, and he says, 'I'm sick to my stomach.' I'm sure he must have wakened all the patients on the ward. He acts awfully funny. I don't know exactly what *is* the matter with him—oh oh, here he comes again. Call you back later, pigeon."

Then she turned to the patient and spoke with a sharp, hard voice. "Now look, Mr. Davis, you go back to bed and stay there."

"I can't stay there," he said. "I'm sick to my stomach."

"I've been sick from a jag too," she said. "But I don't go around making such a big fuss about it."

Another patient came out of a room, rubbing his eyes. "What's all the noise from?"

"See there," the nurse said. "Now aren't you ashamed of yourself, waking up all the patients?"

Mr. Davis said nothing but looked solemnly from patient to nurse. He seemed a little confused.

"Why don't you be a good boy and go to bed? You'll sleep it off," the nurse said.

"If you need any help . . . ." the other patient offered deferentially.

"See, I'll let Mr. Knighton put you to bed if you don't go," she said.

"Can't you give me a little of that denatured alcohol?"

Mr. Knighton took Mr. Davis by the arm. "C'mon, let's go," he said roughly and Mr. Davis went quietly.

"If he gives you a bad time . . . ." Mr. Knighton motioned with his head upon returning.

"I hope he stays there now," the nurse said. "Maybe I ought to call the O.D. to look at him." She picked up the phone and spoke: "He's acting awfully funny," she said. "And we can't keep him in his room. He's already got half the ward on his neck. Will you come over and look at him?"

She turned to Mr. Knighton. "The O.D.'ll be right over." Then she called her friend again. "Hello, pigeon, this is me again—oh, you should be over here tonight," she said. "That patient just wouldn't stay in his room. He woke up several of the other patients and they were already to murder him. A couple of them had to drag him back to bed. But he was acting so funny I called the O.D. He'll be over to take a look—I'll call you later."

The O.D. was a J.G. intern. He went to Davis' room with the nurse and switched on the lights. "What's the trouble?" He reached for the patient's wrist to feel the pulse.

"I'm sick," the patient said.

"What have you had to drink?" the intern asked presently.

"Gin," Davis said. "If I could have some of that denatured alcohol to taper off on, I'd be O.K."

"Is that all you had?"

"Uh-hu."

"You sure?"

"Yes."

The interne lifted the patient's eyelid and examined the pupil.

"What about the dope?"

"I didn't have any dope."

"I didn't say you did." The interne continued to examine the pupil. "Gin, huh?"

"Yes."

"How long you been drunk?"

"About three days."

"Did you have enough dope to last that long?"

"I didn't have any dope—just gin. We had a little beer in between."

The intern thought a moment and then went out. The nurse switched off the light and followed. Back at the nurse's office the O.D. wrote out an order for a sedative. "He's been eating snow—that's for damn sure," he said. "Here, this ought to quiet him."

"I should hope so," the nurse said. "He's going to wake up all the patients prancin' around the ward like that." And she went off to give Mr. Davis the pill.

Mr. Knighton was still standing around when she returned. "If he gives you a bad time," he said, "you can call me. I think he's putting on." He went slowly back to his room.

These nights get awfully dull. The nurse yawned. In the quiet the regular breathing of the patients was like slow waves on a beach heard from a distance. That detective story she read last night frightened her so she didn't want to finish it tonight.

"Oh!" she remembered suddenly aloud. "I've got to call up pigeon and tell her we have a dope fiend in our ward."

II.

The mood is one of depth.

Because of night outside and darkness in the solarium. Lights glow from blurred-ends of cigarettes. The patients sit around relaxed and smoke with heads upturned and eyes half-shut and listen to the new patients just admitted from Guam who sit centered in the room in unrelaxing talk.

The mood is one of depth.

Because a radio is in one corner and feeble light shines out from it while the stern voice of a reporter says:

"Premier Marshall Stalin in an order of the day announces the capture and annihilation of ten-thousand Nazi troops in the last week of fierce fighting. Red armies have swung southward in a surprise attack to destroy German pockets of resistance on the Rumanian front. While elsewhere on the warfronts of the world the enemy is being driven relentlessly . . . ."

But no one listens to the news, for vibrations move through the new patients as they tell their battle-stories.

"PHOOM!" one yells—lean he is, hair cut short.

"PHOOM!" He sits and demonstrates exploding mortar fire with every fiber of his body. And his talk is quick.

"They had their Imperial Marines waiting for us when we landed. They're all big, husky bastards—five foot nine and ten. They were running up and down the beach sticking out their chests, showing off and yelling, 'Bonzeeno,' that's death for the Emperor. And we yells back: 'Stack 'em up for Eleanor.' " And stiffening with his elbows in against his guts he imitates machine-gun fire. "Here you yellow bastards!" Reaching around his side he pulls out an imaginary hand grenade and throws it.

"PHOOM!"

The mood is one of depth.

The other patients with back leaned heads and half closed eyes can see through the window black coughs of clouds move across the darkened sky. Smoke floats upward from their cigarettes.

A short marine with bandaged leg talks with gesticulating lips. "And they had thousands of bicycles on the beach there—I mean I never seen so many before in my life—" He looks around the darkened room, down the long corridor: "Yeahhhh, this place here sure had us snowed when we came today—it really sends yuh after the set-up we lived in."

"What'd you get, a bullet wound there in the leg?" An older patient brings his eyes down from the sky and removes a pipe from mouth to ask.

"Naw, it's a bayonet wound—they rushed us and I had out my forty-five and was shootin' in the other direction when I felt this bayonet in my leg. Well, you know, we were too close to use grenades so I just put the forty-five in his face—he was right there, his face a foot away—and PHOOM—there was no more face. I mean those forty-fives are the sweetest little weapon God ever made."

The nurse enters the solarium and sits to listen in. The third new patient looks at her and says: "Yeah, it really had us snowed when we saw the set-up here."

All the other patients laugh.

The mood is one of depth because the darkness leaves each patient free to set his eyes in inward thought—to see back through himself into the past he has just emerged from—and to bask and bake in the contented security of his contemplation and of the surrounding friendly circle seated about half listen-talking.

While the radio continues to announce to the world:

". . . . It was not disclosed, however, which of the neutral sources released this information. But in British government circles the news of Marshal Tito's ultimatum provoked considerable apprehension."

III.

That man is dead.

They knew he had to die.

The nurse looked at him sorrowfully and shook her head and said: "He could stand a blood transfusion, but it would be too cruel to stretch it out like that." And so he died.

Death at a hospital, and here a military one at wartime is not uncommon. It is one end of a patient's hospital existence. The other end is his getting well. To the hospital it is all the same: one of the two, its job is done; the patient leaves the hospital either vertically or horizontally; his bed is fixed up, linen changed and made ready to receive the next patient.

Sympathy for the doomed sick is neither static nor absolute. When the patient is still conscious and can think, sympathy is plentiful; corpsmen and nurses like to walk by and smile, say a good word, ask how he feels and tell him that he looks well. When the patient can smile back to this the sympathy is there, close to the surface, easy to express.

But as the doomed moves closer to his end the sympathy instead of increasing, decreases. There is no reciprocity now; there is a mist in the patient's mind, smiles and happy words no longer impress him, seem inadequate; they bring no response.

The corpsmen and nurses realize his plight, shy from it, not wishing to assume the full emotional responsibility of someone else's—a stranger's—death. They wish instead that some relative of his would come and display the depths of sympathy that such a situation normally evokes, and which they are unwilling—and even unable—to bring out. They call the Chaplain to the patient's side to utter holy comforting words. They strive for anything that will surround the human's death with some kind of moral ceremony to counteract that subtle, semi-hidden, natural feeling of relief—relief to be rid of a dying burden (something that demands attention, consumes—and unreturnedly—a healthy person's energy and time, continues it with an endless, growing hunger that only death, and death alone will end).

And so he died.

He was a Russian sailor, and alone because he knew no English. The first few days he looked well. The cancer in his foot had just begun to spread. They called an interpreter then one day and told him to interpret to the Russian that his cancered leg was to be amputated. They knew he had to die—the cancer having already settled—spread into the lung—but this would ease the pain preceding death somewhat.

"It is necessary to amputate the leg," the interpreter had said.

The Russian seemed surprised at first; the corners of his mouth twitched then several times as his mind flipped back through the pages of his memory, hunting for a pattern of response that was not there.

"Is there no other way?" he said at last and was a little boy about to cry at something too big for him to grasp.

"No."

The Russian lay back and put both arms about his face, began to sob. The doctor with the intern and the nurse and corpsman moved to the next patient down the line of beds.

Several days after the amputation he could smile somewhat. His inability to speak the tongue was like a standing joke which everyone enjoyed. But lying there in his linguistic solitude, minus one leg, and with the illness spreading spider-like and him so far away from home—all this pressed on his mind. He wondered what was *really* wrong with him and when—if ever—he would return again to Russia.

So when the marine that lay across from him yelled out in fun his first impulse was to ignore it.

"Hey, Roosky," the marine called. "Hey Roosky, you like vawdka, you want some vawdka?" And he held out his arm as if clutching a thick jug.

The Russian tried hard, brought his mind back a moment from the confused depths and smiled.

"You want vawdka? You like vawdka, Roosky?"

The sailor did not want to smile again. He was too depressed. And he had just finished reading in the Russian newspaper someone had brought him that General Vaunturin had died. Ah, shame, he had thought, what a shame. He was of the younger ones. Stalin himself had commented upon this general's military brilliance. Why could it not have been one of the older set? They were mostly worthless anyway. He did not feel at all like smiling again.

"Noo polno, brawt," he had said. "Polno tebya." Enough for you.

"Yeah, vawdka, huh?" the marine had answered. The Russian turned painfully over on his side and wondered how the war was coming . . . .

That man is dead.

They knew he had to die.

The doctors came again and looked him over, stuck shining needles in his chest, drew darkened fluid from his lungs and spoke freely about his condition because he could not understand their talk But as they spoke they were careful to smile so the patient would not think that something serious was taking place, so he would not brood too much nor imagine things—though they be true.

And he lay there waiting, wondering; wondering, thinking; hoping and then despairing. They did nothing more for him. Why? What was every one waiting for? Why did they not cure him and then permit him to leave—even without one leg—to return to his boat and thence to Russia? Why? Then gradually he noticed how his wrists were becoming thin, his arms and legs were thinning. When he shaved himself one morning and saw his face in the mirror he noticed things he hadn't seen before, and to tell if they were new or not he took out an old picture of himself and tried to compare both faces and felt beginning terror at the comparison. He awoke at night and did not know where he was, and wondered if he were alive or not. He sat up in bed and looked around and suddenly felt at his wrists to see if the heart were still beating. He shook his head and ran his fingers through his hair and sighed and then lay back and stared again at the big lit clock on the wall across from him and the way the red second hand hummed around in a perfect circle every minute.

And as the days and nights rotated about his bed in ragged, painful confusion, as people came and went, brought him his food, quick-smiled, and rubbed his back with alcohol, he felt apart and far away and drifting farther and farther back, back, back; his breath becoming shorter, quicker, harder.

'Til now he was dead.

The corpsman swore as he cleaned out the corpse. He swore again as he folded and tied the arms across the chest. Why couldn't it have happened during the night so the night crew would have to do this dirty work instead of him?

That man is dead.

His bed is cleared and changed, stands ready-white and waiting for the next patient, whatever his illness might be. Looking at it, hearing people move about and talk you'd never guess what had taken place on this same bed but one short hour ago.

ALLEN R. BENHAM—
a biography by Eleanor Ruggles

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS: A LIFE
New York, W. W. Norton & Co., Inc., 1944, $3.50.

"History is only intelligible," says John Morley in His *Oliver Cromwell,* "if we place ourselves at the point of view of the actor who makes it." This dictum is safely applicable to the life of an individual as well as to the life of a people. Different as historiography and biography are, they are alike in this particular.

The justice of applying Morley's remark to biography is easily exemplified in Miss Ruggles' life of Gerard Manley Hopkins. The author has used in scholarly fashion all the sources of information which have come to light in the last sixteen years. Miss Ruggles, however, has not only a scholarly approach to her subject, but she has the power of making her researches attractive and of giving the reader a real sense of Hopkins as a person.

Thus, early in her book she writes this of Gerard and his younger brother Cyril: "When both he and Cyril, two years younger, succumbed to one of the customary epidemics of childhood," (chicken-pox or measles?) "Gerard shut up in the nursery with his brother, had burst into sobs. 'Cyril has become so ugly!' he wailed. The unbeautiful in all forms distressed him. One night he lay in bed contemplating the ugliness of the name Hopkins till he was filled with a mortification that recurred at moments for the rest of his life."

This passage is a token of the kind of thing that is coming up constantly in the life of Gerard Manley Hopkins. He was constantly trying to resolve difficulties. Thus, in the garden of his father's house at Hampstead, Gerard would climb a tall elm whence he could view all the country round and could see also "the cholera-ridden slums" of the great city of London.

Again, at the school of Rev. John Bradley Dyne, D.D., at Highgate, Gerard made a bet with one of his fellow-pupils that he could abstain (and this is prophetic of Hopkins' later ascetic struggles) that he, G. M. H., could abstain absolutely from drinking water, milk or any other form of allowed liquid for a certain length of time. Gerard won his bet, but when the headmaster found out about it, "he forced Gerard to return the ten shillings, gave vent to a blast of denunciation, and wrung a promise from both sides that the winner should not take back the money nor the loser offer it. Gerard protested passionately. In vain. From this time fores the feud between the two was open."

There again, Gerard had some difficulties in resolving the question whether he should become a painter; for he had definite talents in that direction; talents that suggested the clarity and point of his descriptions in his later poems; or a musician; for he was always humming tunes of his own devising; or a literary scholar.

Later still when he went to Oxford, he was caught in the currents of influence there stemming from the Oxford Movement and seen in the personal immediate influence of Canon Pusey and in the less direct but still strong in-

fluence of John Henry Newman, already a Catholic but not yet a Cardinal. Against this current were rising the wars stirred up by the strong strokes—I find myself falling into the alliteration of which Hopkins was so fond—of Benjamin Jowett. Jowett was a fellow and tutor of Hopkins' college, Balliol, and from 1855 Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford. And to show the height of feeling roused in Oxford and England generally by the conflicts between Pusey and Jowett we may cite the fact that Jowett, because of the suspicions of heresy found in his writings, was deprived of the emoluments of his professorship for ten years. In the background, moreover, was the influence of Matthew Arnold, Professor of Poetry at Oxford when Hopkins was a student there.

In the last few years we have heard much of Hopkins as a poet in practice and of his weight in poetry being written today. In the light of this fact it is hard to believe that Hopkins was born in 1844, that he died in 1889, and that his poems were not published until their author had been dead nearly thirty years.

At the time of his death there were very few people in England who knew him as a poet. And two of these, Richard Watson Dixon, and Robert Bridges, both poets and the latter poet-laureate in 1913, had little fellow-feeling for Hopkins' religious convictions, since it appears that before Hopkins became known to them as a poet, he was already a Catholic and a member of the Society of Jesus.

Bridges and Dixon both repeatedly urged Hopkins to publish. Here again was a problem for Hopkins to solve. Dixon, who was at Oxford in the circle of William Morris and had begun his monumental *History of the Church of England from the Abolition to the Roman Jurisdiction* in 1877 (this work was finished in 1900) wrote to Hopkins about publishing, " 'Can I do anything? I have said something of the institution of your Society" (ie. The Society of Jesus) "in my next volume of Church History, which is not yet published. I could very well give an abrupt footnote about your poems if you thought good. . . . You may think it odd to introduce you with the year 1540, but I know how to do it.' "

But, continues Miss Ruggles, "Hopkins refused the offer. 'It would not at all suit me. For this there are several reasons,' " wrote Hopkins, " 'any one sufficient; but it is enough to say now that (1) I have no thought of publishing until all circumstances favour, which I do not know that they ever will, and it seems that one of them should be that the suggestion to publish should come from one of our own people' " (ie. members of the Society of Jesus) " '(2) to allow such a notice would be on my part a sort of insubordination to or double dealing with my superiors. . . . I could wish, I allow, that my pieces could at some time become known but in some spontaneous way, so to speak, and without my forcing.' "

And so Hopkins waited until 1930 when what appears to be the canon of his verses was published by the Oxford University Press with an introduction by Charles Williams.

In this volume is printed Hopkins' preface to his poems in which he outlines his theory of verse. And it must be said that on first reading one finds

some difficulty in catching the meaning of Hopkins' poems. He seems to pay no attention to poetic rhythms with which we are familiar and to use so many verbal combinations that are really compound epithets though they are not hyphenated.

It occurs to me that these peculiarities of Hopkins' poetics are really reversions to those practices which characterize Anglo-Saxon verse. Thus, to him, the number of syllables does not matter, so long as they are significantly grouped about the accented important syllable or word. This is a marked characteristic in *Beowulf*, for example in which there is really no meter, but there is a strongly marked rhythm. Hopkins' verbal combinations again could be thought of as new samples of the old practice of compounding words still seen in modern German, and his epithets would be modern samples of the Anglo-Saxon kenning.

Hopkins might have found aid and comfort for his ideas about "running rhythm" in Anglo-Saxon verse. He told Bridges in the fall of 1882 that he was learning Anglo-Saxon. But Miss Ruggles gives in her book no evidence to show what his reaction to these later studies of his was.

It is impossible in this review to do justice to all the various aspects of Hopkins' character and genius as presented by Miss Ruggles. This is a fascinating book.

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